

who run away the day before by going to Gen. McDowell. I told him that was something Gen. McDowell had nothing to do with—that he would probably find it very difficult to recover his slave, unless he could assure him that his labor would be paid for, his freedom guaranteed, and his manliness recognized. This reply was followed by a volley of oaths and curses from the miserable slave-owner which I have not the taste to repeat.—*Tribune.*

A NEW CONSTITUTION FOR THE MODEL REPUBLIC.

The experience of recent events, and the dangers with which they have been fraught to the existence of the republic, compel every true friend of his country to the conviction, that the Constitution which establishes political regulations for the collective life of the nation as well as for the separate States, must, in spite of its great excellences, be defective. In order, therefore, to secure on all sides, by an active generalization (*generalization*), the various rights, and secure those protection and performance are the sole lasting bond of union, the National Convention of Conservative Patriots submits to the people of the United States, for their acceptance, the following outline of a New Constitution:—

I. CLASSIFICATION.

The United States shall be divided, 1, into sovereign States and the sovereign Confederacy; 2, into North and South.

II. RIGHTS OF THE SOVEREIGN STATES AND OF THE CONFEDERACY.

The States may manage their internal affairs to suit themselves, provided that by these are understood barbarous, tyrannical, and cannibal actions. With these the government of the Confederacy is not to interfere; for what is not forbidden by the Constitution is permitted, and State sovereignty transcends national matters of barbarism. But should single States decree regulations for the defence of freedom and humanity, these shall be subject to the approval of the national government.

III. RIGHTS AND DUTIES OF THE SOUTH.

The South shall have all rights that are convenient, and all duties that are agreeable, to her, provided she cherishes and perpetuates slavery.

The inhabitants of the South shall have especially the right to employ at pleasure and to destroy two-legged property, as well as to annihilate whatever is dangerous to the same. They may, therefore, not only sell their own children, but also flay their slaves to death, and burn them alive, and tar and hang abolitionists.

Those who own the most slaves shall be the lords of the slaves, and called to the dominion of the land.

Should they believe their dominion threatened, they may rebel, steal the arms of the country, plunder its public chests, and begin war. If they conquer, they shall subjugate the whole country; if they are beaten, they shall return as "brothers" to their previous position, and try their luck again at the fitting time.

The more they steal, plunder, and murder, the greater claim they shall earn to forgiveness and respect, and the better security for their privileges, among which shall be especially the following:

They shall shoot down every one who makes use of free speech and a free press in behalf of liberty, and allow none to abide in the South who do not suit them.

They shall enjoy the postal service gratis, and have the first claim to the best positions in the army, navy, and administration.

They shall construct the tariff as to secure the interests of their own productions at the expense of the North.

They shall cut off the heads of Northern captives, make of their skulls drinking-cups wherewith to toast the weal of the republic, and watch-chains of their bones to be worn on patriotic holidays.

They shall beat down Northern pillars of the people in Congress with bludgeons, and receive for the same especial consideration.

They shall discharge no debts and keep no promises.

They may practise high treason abroad as at home, if they get aid from foreigners; they shall receive a reward for their patriotic policy; if none, then they shall receive indemnification.

IV. RIGHTS AND DUTIES OF THE NORTH.

The inhabitants of the North shall have, above all, the right and the duty to be agreeable and serviceable to the South. If the Southerner has no rug, his Northern fellow-citizen shall stretch himself on the ground, and beg him not to feel constrained.

Attacks on slavery shall not be regarded and punished as treason.

Fugitive slaves shall be hunted with hearty delight.

Abolitionists who employ free speech and a free press shall be mobbed, while Southerners shall everywhere write and speak as they please.

If the South begins war on the North, the latter shall pay the costs thereof. In consideration of which, Northern soldiers shall be permitted to load their weapons as soon as they feel the Southern bullets in their bodies.

If the North catch Southern pirates and traitors, it shall treat them as guests, and send them back on their promising to entertain the greatest respect for her stupidity.

Should the South steal and destroy her money, arms, ships, and forts, she shall repair everything out of the pockets of her children, and her children's children.

Should the South not accomplish enough in her treason, the North shall put traitors at the head of her troops, and lead her sons to slaughter by appointment.

The more slaves the North receives from the South on the left cheek, the more readily shall she present the right cheek also.

She shall buy and conquer for the South new territories, whenever the latter has not dominion enough for the expansion of slavery.

Should a rebellion in the South be suppressed, the North shall rebel for her.

If slavery cannot ruin the North, she shall ruin herself for slavery.

V. RIGHTS & DUTIES OF THE SOVEREIGN PEOPLE.

The sovereign people exists for this—to elect representatives and officers who may govern and command at pleasure. It shall pay for what they squander, bleed when they open its veins, and sacrifice itself when they betray it. For it is sweet to pay for one's country, sweeter to die and perish for the same.

Office-holders, the President at their head, have the duty of guarding the rights of the Community and of securing the interests of the Republic, in default of which they shall be cashiered or imprisoned.

Therefore, above all, they shall cause to be incarcerated without trial, or to be executed without trial, the free press by confiscation and closing of the mails; steal and defraud as they may be able; treat traitors as "brothers"; humble the republic abroad, and endanger its security by transactions with despots.

They shall act as lords of the people that chose them for servants, and need trouble themselves about no one else, if they only have on their side the priests, the slaveholders, and the despots.

They shall be entitled to re-election, if they are as stupid as possible, and to a national reward, if they are as wicked as possible. Should they succeed in utterly ruining the state, they shall be honored in the "Fair Republic."—*Transcribed from the Liberator from the German "Pioneer."*

THE "DEMOCRATIC" PRONUNCIAMENTO AT WASHINGTON.

This is a labored eulogy of the democratic party, and an attack upon the present administration. In a time of civil war when the whole country is convulsed by the insurrection, which was concocted in the "democratic" cabinet of Mr. Buchanan, it might be expected that fourteen democratic members of Congress, addressing the people of the United States, would indicate their opinions of this gigantic treason, and would declare what specific measures they advise for its suppression. We look in vain for anything of the kind in this address.

They are sticklers for the Constitution; over and over they declaim upon that topic. They are profuse in their charges against the administration. They are exhaustive in eulogy upon the principles and policy of the democratic party. But of this rebellion which their party brethren have set on foot, aimed at the very life of the Government and the Constitution, they have no sharper word of exclamation than "this unhappy civil war." Of course, they are not forgetful of that old image of terror to

political sucklings, ABOLITION. Their programme of "restoration" is brief. After urging the restoration of the democratic party to power as the infallible road to the restoration of the Union, they lay down their specific thus:—

These men speak the collect of that same "latter day democracy," under whose auspices forts, ships-of-war, navy yards, mints and custom-houses were placed at the disposal of conspirators and rebels. They propose to appease the rage of Jeff. Davis and his accomplices by offering up, under the odious name of "Abolitionism," whatever there is in the North of manhood, of principle, of hostility to the diffusion among themselves of the institution of slavery. They would yield to every arrogant demand of armed and bloody insurgents, prostrate themselves in the dust, and cry, "Great is slavery; may it stay be universal, and its reign perpetual!" Those who refuse the like humiliation they would brand as Abolitionists, and would be cursed. This, according to the fourteen, is the democratic mode of restoring the Union. The country has had some experience of that kind of democracy.

As we have remarked, these apostles of peace on rebel terms are full of denunciations of the administration. They say not a syllable of the democratic treason which ruled in the Executive Council in the days of Buchanan—not a word of the dispersion of arms, and army and navy, to make easy to the rebels the seizure of the public property, the capital, and the archives. All this is ignored, and the scrupulous categorists strain their optics to discern, in the struggle of the executive to defeat those schemes, some technical deviation from the letter of the law. The turpitude of the rebellion moves not their abhorrence; the plots and perjuries of the conspirators are peccadilloes unworthy of notice. Their incentive is reserved for others—for the President, and those who will not bow the knee to Baal!

They dwell upon the enormous taxes, the levying of which is rendered inevitable, if the rebellion is to be suppressed, and demand the restoration of the democratic party to power as the remedy for that. No intonation is given that that party would not follow the policy of Buchanan's administration, and make peace with the rebels in the same way that he preserved it, by giving them absolute and supreme control of every department of the government.

On the contrary, a careful reading of this Democratic Address leaves the inevitable conviction, that these self-styled "democrats," who profess to maintain them, are those "allies in the Free States," on whose assistance, pledged and assured, they relied in the beginning of their wicked revolt. There is every reason to believe that this democratic movement is in understood co-operation with Davis and his Confederate government in this time of their extremity.—*St. Louis Democrat.*

GENERAL HUNTER'S ORDER.

On the 7th of November last—more than six months ago—Com. Dupont thoroughly routed the rebel forces defending the entrance to Beaufort harbor, S. C., dismounting or silencing their guns, chasing off all of them he did not kill, and capturing their forts. A strong volunteer force under Sherman thereupon took possession of the adjacent sea islands, and has since held them without dispute, working it day gradually to the point of the mainland, within sight of Savannah, Ga., on the one side, and within a few miles of Charleston, S. C., on the other. The Military Department confided to Gen. Sherman comprises the maritime States of South Carolina, Georgia, and Florida, and their sea-coast and islands, and he has been ordered to secure the slave property from any point of that coast now held by the rebels, it is because it is deemed not worth holding by the Unionists.

Gen. Sherman, so soon as he had firmly established himself on shore, issued a Proclamation. Though a bad one, it was rather better than the average of our Generals' proclamations. Gen. Sherman had passed years in South Carolina, supposed himself a favorite there, and laid himself out on an effort to conciliate his white aristocracy, whom he saw fit to style the "natural guardians" of the negroes. He tried hard to persuade them to return to the protection of the National flag, and thus secure their slave property from peril. Nothing could have been more "conservative" than this proclamation—and nothing more futile. He could not induce a South Carolinian even to take much less to read it. "There are none such as you call loyal men among us," was the reply of the old cause. No journey no speech no movement, no utterance of any kind, has been heard of among them for more than a year past, which is not, intensely, diabolically "Seceh." Rebel victories, rebel invincibility are the theme of every press and every tongue. You cannot speak a word of it, unless you are to be taken for a traitor, and if you could, they would stop their ears against it. They are the blacks, on the other hand, are instinctively Unionists. As they wait at table—listen at keyholes, they hear the master race cursing Abe Lincoln as an Abolitionist, and charge the North with making war on them in order to upset a negro, ignorant and misinformed as these poor negroes, they know that the "Lincolns," the "invaders," the "Northern scum," are hated and cursed by their life-long oppressors, and jump to the conclusion that their own owners so dread involve good to them, that one of them told our troops on landing, "Massa told 'em the Yankees would send 'em to Cuba and sell 'em," but they didn't believe Cuba could be any worse than they were used to, and they concluded to risk it." So, when our ships sailed up Beaufort Sound, after their triumph, scores of the poor creatures, who had refused to accompany their fleeing masters, came down to the water's edge with their little all tied up in a handkerchief, and begged to be taken aboard; they did not ask whether they would be taken, believing any change must be an improvement.

The three States composing Gen. Hunter's department are peopled as follows:

South Carolina.....Slaves. Free Persons.
.....402,541.....301,271
Georgia.....402,282.....595,097
Florida.....61,768.....78,086

Total.....926,496.....975,054
Excess of Free over Slave.....48,558

Excluding the Free Blacks, the numbers of Whites and of Slaves is pretty nearly about equal.

Gen. Hunter has a small army—we are not at liberty to say how small—whereby to confront these millions of practically hostile people, for the slaves do the bidding of the whites, who are intensely and in effect universally rebel. He is too weak to advance, and the region to which he is confined is unhealthy for Northern troops. It is not possible just now to spare him more regiments, and he is sick of doing nothing. All the negroes on islands are willing to work and many of them to fight for the Union cause, provided that cause means freedom for themselves. Otherwise, why should they be? He has long enough hidden the whites to his feat, and they have stubbornly refused to come; so he goes out into the highways and ditches, and asks the poor and despised to take their places. Say it is a bold step if you will, but can you intelligently pronounce it a rash one? Who among us all can even pretend to understand the circumstances of Gen. Hunter's department, or the probable effect of this Order upon it, so well as that General himself?

Our neighbors, who have so vehemently insisted that the Generals in the field should be allowed to deal with negroes and negro questions as they should see fit, do not seem to relish this dose; yet it is one of their own prescription. Ought they not to intern their ludicrously wry faces, and gulp it down?—*New York Tribune.*

The Liberator.

No Union with Slaveholders!

BOSTON, FRIDAY, MAY 23, 1862.

NEW ENGLAND ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION.

THE NEW ENGLAND ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION for 1862 will be held in the city of Boston, on Wednesday and Thursday, May 28th and 29th, in the MEL-ODEON, commencing at 10 o'clock, A. M., of Wednesday.

Let the anti-slavery men and women of New England, then, gather once more in their Annual Convention. Once more let them indicate to the long-slumbering but now awakening land, to a guilty but happy and a repenting people, the only Way of Peace, of Safety, and of National Honor. Once more let the words of Justice, and Freedom for all, be echoed from the hills and valleys of New England, until they join the swelling voices of the Centre and the Great West; and the trembling, hoping slave shall hear the glad tidings, proclaiming his deliverance, his redemption, and his acknowledged manhood.

All friends of the Anti-Slavery cause, in every part of the country, are invited to attend.

Among the expected speakers are WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON, WENDELL PHILLIPS, EDMUND QUINCY, PARKES PILBURY, ANDREW T. POSE, WM. WELLS BROWN, SUSAN B. ANTHONY, of New York, ANNA E. DICKINSON, of Philadelphia, AARON M. POWELL, of New York, WILLIAM H. FISH, E. H. HYTWOOD, &c.

In behalf of the Board of Managers of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society,

EDMUND QUINCY, President.

ROBERT F. WALLACE, Rec. Secy.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S VETO OF GEN. HUNTER'S EMANCIPATION ORDER.

A few days since, the popular enthusiasm was kindled into a wide-spread flame, in consequence of the order of General Hunter, declaring the entire abolition of slavery within the three States of Georgia, South Carolina and Florida, comprising his Military Department of the South. This was equivalent to the liberation of one fourth of the entire slave population of the country. Of course, with the joy every where felt and expressed by the friends of impartial liberty, and the uncompromising enemies of Secession, there was some anxiety felt as to what would be the course of the President in relation to this Order. It was, however, generally supposed that General Hunter had not acted without having had at least a *carte blanche* in his hand, to be used against slavery according to the exigencies of his position. They were not allowed by the President to remain long in doubt upon this point.

With unqualified haste, without waiting to be officially from General Hunter, as he was in courtesy and fairness bound to do, as to whether such an Order had been really issued, and, if so, on what grounds—the President, on Monday last, issued a proclamation, putting his veto on the Order, and even while admitting that he had not at the time "any authentic information that the document was genuine" "If any thing ever more weak or more pitiable than this? What right had he thus to prejudice General Hunter, or with what propriety could he commit the government in so grave a matter with such precipitancy? His plea is, the Emancipation Order was "producing some excitement and misunderstanding." Yes, glorious excitement in the bosoms of angels, and of the spirits of just men made perfect; in a higher sphere; thrilling excitement in every upright manly, liberty-loving breast in the land; furious excitement in the regions of the damned, and among the traitors of the South and their Northern abettors! As to any "misunderstanding" about it, nothing could be plainer than the language or meaning of the Order—"Slavery and martial law in a free country are altogether incompatible." Neither the rebels nor their slaves will have any difficulty in understanding a declaration so true and sensible as this. General Hunter, being competent to declare martial law, is also competent to decide what law he requires in his Department; and finding the States comprised therein in total rebellion against the government, with no evidence of a particle of loyalty existing in them, and an immense slave population made use of in every possible manner to defeat the federal arms, and give victory to the rebels, he very sensibly, and with the highest justification conceivable, proclaims that "the persons in these three States, Georgia, Florida and South Carolina, heretofore held as slaves, are therefore declared forever free." Noble words, uttered never more timely!

All honor to General Hunter, and cheer upon cheer until the welkin rings; and shame and confusion of face to the President for his halting, shuffling, backward policy! By his veto, he has disgusted and alienated the truest friends of freedom universally, and gratified the malignity of the enemies of his administration who are at heart traitors, and represented by such papers as Bennett's Herald, the New York Express, the Journal of Commerce, the Boston Courier and Post, and other journals of the same satanic stripe. By his veto, he has helped to prolong the present bloody strife, to sacrifice needlessly thousands of Northern lives, to augment indefinitely the present frightful rebellion in arms, whose hopes of success are found only in being allowed to retain their slaves as their most efficient laborers in the work of rebellion. By his veto, he has made the danger still more imminent that the European powers will hasten to interfere for the independence of the Southern Confederacy, seeing no end to a struggle carried on in so belittled and impotent a manner by our government.

President Lincoln should not only have endorsed, as justified by the exigencies of the case, the Order of General Hunter, but, long ere this, he should have declared every slave in rebellion free. In such an act, the country will enthusiastically applaud him. The people will stand by him, while the growling and seditious spirits who threaten all manner of evil will be crushed at a blow. Four millions of people are forced to aid rebellion at the South, and to struggle to prevent the success of the Federal government, solely because they are slaves! Every one of them is loyal in heart, or would be if he could be assured that he may recover, under "the stars and stripes," his long withheld liberty. Who but Northern traitors, (for Southern ones do not,) impudently wearing the mask of loyalty, doubt or deny the right of the President, at a crisis like this, as commander-in-chief of the army and navy, to declare universal emancipation? The greater includes the less. The invasion of a slave country carries with it the right to liberate every slave upon its soil. If General Hunter may rightfully take a hostile army with him, and declare himself military dictator over Georgia, Florida and South Carolina, thus denying the actual existence of those States as such, why may he not proceed to turn nine hundred thousand slaves coerced to act as rebels, into nine hundred thousand freemen, ready to lay down their lives in support of the government? The pages of history may be searched in vain for a parallel to the infatuation which prevails at Washington on this subject.

The President is still disposed to treat the dragon of slavery as though it was only a wayward colt. In vain has he seen every overt act of kindness and good will rejected with scorn and contempt, and with added insults and fresh atrocities, by the revolted States; he refers with marked complacency to his absurd message to Congress in March last, proposing to propitiate the rebels by buying their slave property, and he renews the overture, with honeyed accents—scoffingly assuring them that "the change it contemplates would come gently as the dew of heaven, not rending nor wrecking any thing"—and he enticingly asks, "Will you not embrace it?" President Lincoln! "Canst thou draw out Leviathan with a hook? Will he make many supplications unto thee?"

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

OUR FAMILY OF STATES—Oration delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa Society in Amherst College, by Nehemiah Adams, D.D. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 1861.

This Oration was delivered as long ago as August, 1858, and printed more than a year since. The publishers (at whose request it was given to the public) are certainly just in sending us a copy of it; but having done so, we have simply to say of it, that it is a very common-place glorification of the country, its author being as blind as a bat to any evil affecting the safety or honor of the republic, and utterly ignoring the whole question of slavery, though the system was at that time beginning to show symptoms of that terrific volcanic explosion which has since taken place. "We should be hopeful and cheerful," says the "gay and festive" parson; and none the less because there are four millions of slaves in the land, who have "no rights that white men are bound to recognize and respect?" "Instead of borrowing trouble," he adds, "let us borrow largely of the future for joy and gladness, even at the risk of appearing a little fanatical." So said the false prophets of old: "Let us cry, Peace, peace," when there was no peace. "Let us fiddle while Rome is burning," said Nero; and he fiddled, "even at the risk of appearing a little fanatical." But think of the author of "A South-Side View of Slavery" running such a risk as that! "We have no inquiries," he continues, "nor laws against freedom of speech; we suffer men to speak as they please, if so be that they stop this side of blasphemy"—&c., &c. Yet slaves are annually burnt alive at the South, and yet his soul no more speaks against slavery, except at the risk of appearing a little fanatical. Any form of blasphemy, except that against slavery, may be safely indulged in, but that "hath no forgiveness." Still burning incense to the national vanity, the defender of the Fugitive Slave Law and the eulogist of slavery complacently says—"This land seems to be made for the human mind to exult in the fullest religious and civil liberty, unimpeded by proscriptions of birth, or any private or social position." Does it indeed? Then how impious is it to enslave any of the inhabitants thereof? Not less than a hundred thousand new victims are annually doomed to atrocious "proscriptions of birth," and to be an abhorred and outcast race; and for these Dr. Adams has no regard whatever. He utters his boastful platitudes precisely as though he had no belief in the common human nature of the slave population, and therefore saw no inconsistency between precept and practice. He is particularly delighted with the slave-breeding, slave-driving, and now rebellious States of the South, and airs his rhetoric in this manner:—

"The State which was like a rampart of cotton bales to the British cannon, with old Hickory's arm over her in Louisiana. The brave advocate and example of toleration on a large scale, the daughter of Lord Baltimore, is crowned with the name of Maryland; Florida, with flowing garb, and a certain Semblance of beauty, and the Carolinas, all these belong to our household."

They neither "belong to our household" nor, have they done so, except as a matter of form, at any time. We commend to Dr. Adams, for his special meditation, the 28th chapter of Isaiah, from the 14th to the 22d verse inclusive; and also the 6th chapter of 2d Corinthians, from the 14th to the 18th verse inclusive; and then to indulge in no further boasting about this "free land" until every eye is broken, every bondman set free.

THE MASTER. By Mrs. Mary A. Denison. Boston: Walker, Wise & Co. 1862.

As a frequent contributor to the press, Mrs. Denison is widely known for her literary ability. The present work is a very creditable performance, ingenious in the plot, and well sustained in interest from the first to the last chapter. The characters are almost exclusively musical, and defined with marked individuality; so that those of that profession will, in special, be attracted to "The Master," while others outside of it will be scarcely less absorbed in the personal.

THE CONTINENTAL MONTHLY, devoted to Literature and National Policy, for race, independence, variety and tact, is without a peer among the monthlies. Its treatment of the slavery question is bold and trenchant, giving the system no quarter, and making its extinction essential to national unity and peace.

CONTENTS OF NO. IV. FOR APRIL.

The War in Missouri. Beaufort, Past, Present and Future. The Anti-Slavery Discoverers of America. I. The Mythical Era; II. The Chinese Discoverers of America in the Fifth Century. The Spur of Monmouth. The Fatal Marriage of Bill the Southerner. Columbia to Britannia. General Lyon. Macaroni and Canvass. Howe's Cave. Potential Moods. The True Interest of Nations. Among the Pines. Southern Aids to the North. The Molly O'Molly Papers. Sketches of Edinburgh Literati. The Huguenot Families in America. Literary Notices. Editor's Table.

The Publisher asks attention to "The War between Freedom and Slavery in Missouri," the first chapter of which is given in this number of the Continental. The Master for this history are furnished by, and the work is prepared under the direction of, one of the most eminent statesmen of the West, himself a prominent actor in the events recorded. It will form one of the most valuable series of papers ever published in an American Magazine.

What shall we do with it? A Philosophical Bankrupt. The Molly O'Molly Papers. All Together. A True Story. Macaroni and Canvass. Fairies. John Bright. The Anti-Slavery Discoverers of America. State Rights. Roskoe's Island. A Story of Mexican Life. Changed. Hamlet a Fat Man. The Knights of the Golden Circle. Columbia's Safety. Ursa Major. Fugitives at the West. The Education to be. Gueridon. Literary Notices. Editor's Table.

J. R. Gilmore, 110 Tremont Street, and Crosby & Nichols, 117 Washington Street, Boston.

A. WILLIAMS & Co., 100 Washington Street, Boston, have for sale Number One of "The Ballads of the War," by A. J. H. Duganne, noticed in a late issue. Messrs. A. W. & Co. are Special Agents for the sale of Harper & Brothers' publications, besides keeping constantly on hand all current popular literature, illustrated newspapers, foreign and domestic, periodicals, &c., &c.

DEED OF EMANCIPATION. The following is an official copy of the free papers issued to the blacks by Gen. Hunter, under the terms of his proclamation. The deed of emancipation reads as follows:—

"It having been proven, to the entire satisfaction of the General Commanding the Department of the South, that the bearer, named —, heretofore held in involuntary servitude, has been directly employed to aid and assist those in rebellion against the United States of America:—

Now, be it known to all, that, agreeably to the laws, I declare the said person free, and forever absolved from all claims to his services. Both he and his wife, and children, have full right to go North, East, or West, as they may decide.

Given under my hand, at the Headquarters of the Department of the South, this nineteenth day of April, 1862.

M. J. HUNTER, Major-General Commanding.

PARSON BROWNLOW, the notorious slaver-whisperer, is to give to-night at Music Hall, (admission ticket 50 cents), an account of his sufferings in Tennessee at the hands of the Secessionists. The following is a specimen of his style, taste and spirit:—

"If, fifty years ago, we had taken one hundred Southern fire-eaters and one hundred Abolitionists, and hanged them both, and buried them in a common ditch, and sent their souls to hell, we should have had none of this war."

A rejoinder to the letters of Messrs. Chamberlain and Allen, by William Carlos Martin, is unavoidably deferred till next week. We trust the controversy will here terminate.

NORTHERN TREASON.

The laughter of the *Courier*, of late, has the aspect of coming from "the other side of the mouth." Its mirth has a certain deadly-lively air, reminding you of him who "grinned horribly a ghastly smile." It seems confused as well as exasperated by the recent series of defeats of its Southern brethren, and strikes out indiscriminately on all sides, as the harpooned whale does "in his flurry." It proposes impeachment of the President, if he shall venture any further interference with the slave property of the rebels. It proposes mutiny to the army, if it shall receive orders looking like hostility to the peculiar institution. It turns up its nose in scorn at those who would associate with a negro, except in his proper capacity as a servant; and it rolls up its eyes in devoutly indignant petition that whoever shall commit this enormity may meet with speedy disaster and defeat.

Since this state of mind brings out from its unfortunate subject those truths which his cooler reason would conceal, the *Courier's* ravings just now are worth noting. Reading in the *Tribune* a notice of the enrollment of loyal blacks under General Hunter, it immediately "sees red," like Chourineur, and splutters out—"Loyal blacks! What an outrage upon common sense! . . . Loyal blacks, forsooth!" And after the partial relief gained by these ejaculations, it proceeds to comfort itself as follows:—

"We see that the House refused to entertain an order for inquiring into these doings of General Hunter, introduced by Mr. Wickliffe, and no doubt they would refuse to listen to one to inquire by what authority the War Department furnishes the muskets and red trousers. The only patience which a reasonable man can have with such doings, must come from the reflection that they hasten the inevitable crisis, when such things must come to an end. Upon any turn of fortune, the muskets, of course, would go into the hands of the masters of the negroes."

What unheard-of audacity! A General who wants more men actually proceeds to enlist them! The War Department takes upon itself to furnish muskets and uniforms to loyal troops, without asking leave to do it! And when a spirited sympathizer with the rebels proposes a committee of inquiry, to discover "by what authority" these persons discharge their regular official function, the House thinks that matter so plain that it refuses to inquire! What are we coming to?

The *Courier*, after having its little flurry, finds a contingent comfort in this state of things. These black recruits, it thinks, cannot be very good soldiers; they may, therefore, soon be beaten by the rebels; and then (happy day!) these muskets will go "into the hands of the masters of the negroes." Is not this a rich development, from one who is constantly accusing the abolitionists as traitors?

The *Courier* returns to the same subject in another article, and this time, tries the effect of a pious diatribe. Its editor has had occasional spasms of tongue-piercing ever since his speech to the Boston Tract Society in favor of the policy of his friend Southside Adams; and he gravely makes trial of it on this occasion. In his judgment, it required a very bad heart, as well as a very bad head, to design or execute the project of arming the slaves at Port Royal. "Nothing could be more mischievous, or more indekensible, on any moral or Christian grounds." He proceeds to intimate that no one who has an ounce of wit can suppose that white men will fight by the side of negroes, "except as the latter in their proper capacity fight with and for their masters." And, after insisting that there is "a great moral difference" in the two cases just referred to, he winds up in the following strain of moral elevation:—

"It is enough to disgust an honest man with everything which pretends to be a government, if this tawdry and malicious solony is allowed. The indignant remonstrance of every Christian person in the land will go up to Heaven against this abominable proceeding, and we have faith that the prayer will be heard."

Faith, no doubt, can work wonders. And the prayer of a righteous man availeth much. Poor blacks! They will have a hard time when the *Courier's* prayer is answered. It is a curious coincidence that Jeff. Davis has gone to praying, in the South, just about the time his pro-slavery friend was uttering his soul's sincere desire, as above, in the North.—C. K. W.

TRACT DISTRIBUTION.

DEAR MR. GARRISON.—You will be glad to hear that your old friend, PRUDENCE CRANDALL PHILLIPS, is still active in Anti-Slavery work. I lately sent her a box of tracts, books and papers for distribution, and have just received a first report of the use made of them, of which the following is an extract:—

"MENDOTA, La Salle Co., Ill., May 10, 1862.

"The box and its contents arrived safely on Thursday the 7th, and since that time I have been busily engaged in distribution. You said, 'send them broadcast, and give them to soldiers.' This I am endeavoring to do. I got liberty to set the box into the front room of a shoemaker's shop, (as we have 2½ miles from town), and I think you would wish to see me perform the duty of giving. I go into the streets and ask the women I meet (and also some of the men) if they live in the country; if they say yes, I am sure to give them some, as that will scatter them far apart. The owner of the shop is Mr. James Filkins, an Englishman who has helped of many a slave to Canada, and the present occupant, Mr. W. H. Ashton, was engaged in the Chartist agitation in England in 1848, and was a delegate to the Chartist Convention, and was one of the sixty who volunteered from Illinois, and joined John Brown, Jr., in Kansas. They both have hearts as great as Big Thunder. Mr. Filkins has been a fugitive for another part of his life, and a lot to distribute on the cars, and at his place of destination. Capt. John Phillips, Co. A, 57th Reg. Ill., came in yesterday, and I gave him a lot to take to the soldiers. He said nothing matter was scarce with them. Inclosed, I send you a note which I received to-day."

This note was as follows:—

moral, social and intellectual qualities
demand for them the respect of all un-

The resolutions were supported by John S. Rock, Wm. Wells Brown, Leonard A. Grimes, John Oliver and others, and were adopted by a unanimous standing vote, amidst great cheering.

THE LATE EMANCIPATION ACT.

There was a public meeting held by the people of color at the A. M. E. Church in the city of Terre Haute, Indiana, on Wednesday evening, May 7th, 1862, for the purpose of returning a tribute of thanks to Almighty God for the late act of emancipation in the District of Columbia. Rev. T. Strother was called to the chair, and Wm. J. Greenly was appointed Secretary. The Chairman called the house to order, and read the exercises by reading a portion of the 11th chapter of the prophecy of the prophet Daniel, and singing and prayer. The object of the meeting was then stated by the Chairman, after which a committee of three was appointed by the Chairman to draw up a set of resolutions, expressive of the sentiments of the audience. The Chairman appointed Wm. Johnson, Wm. J. Greenly, and Alfred Cole, as said Committee, who subsequently reported the fol-

Resolved, That we, the colored people of Terra Haute, do most heartily return our sincere thanks to God, in behalf of our brethren thus freed in said District of Columbia, for the inestimable boon of liberty thus given them.

Resolved, That we also feel grateful to the members of Congress for their untiring zeal in battling for the downfall of slavery and the triumph of freedom; that we invoke the blessings of the Almighty upon them and their labors, hoping that their days may be many and useful in the cause of humanity, and that their numbers may increase rapidly, and that the same may not be far distant when the result of their labors may be seen in the final extinction of slavery throughout these United States.

Resolved, That we view, in the person and character of His Excellency, Abraham Lincoln, the President of the United States, in all his actions since his inauguration, and through the war which is going on in our country, up to the present time, a man acting with discretion, and aiming to do what is just and right to all men, and having the fear of God before him; therefore, we pray God to bless him in his office, and to give him wisdom and grace to perform all his useful life, and with all that pertains to make men happy in this world, and with a happy immortality beyond the grave.

Resolved, That we, having been born on American soil, ("the land of the free, and the home of the brave,") feel, as a natural consequence, that this is our home, and therefore we feel an attachment to this country, and will be loyal to its Government; though we have been deprived of many rights and privileges which are ours by nature, yet we feel disposed to persevere in the cultivation of every branch of literature which is calculated to make us useful and intelligent.

T. STROTHER, President.

W. J. GREENEY, Secretary.

EMANCIPATION JUBILEE.

CELEBRATION BY THE COLORED PEOPLE OF NEW YORK.

The colored people of New York and the surrounding towns united in celebrating, on Monday, May 12th,

The Abolition of Slavery in the District of Columbia.
We avail ourselves of the *Tribune's* report of what was said and done:—

"The exercises of the day began by a well-attended prayer-meeting in Shiloh Presbyterian Church, at 5 o'clock in the morning. Throughout the day, every arriving conveyance from the adjacent towns and cities was crowded with colored people coming to join in the liberation.

"At 3 o'clock the National flag was raised on the Shiloh Presbyterian Church in Prince street, in presence of some thousands of the citizens generally. Invective speeches were made on the occasion by the Rev. H. B. Garnet, the Rev. John Dugny, of Sing Sing, the Rev. Mr. Berry, recently from Tennessee, and others. As the flag was thrown to the breeze, the shouts of the thousands of strangers from Virginia were heard under its protection.

"In the evening, about 2,500 ladies and gentlemen assembled, or rather crowded into the great hall of the Cooper Institute. Here John Peterson occupied the platform, and supported by the Rev. John Smith, and twelve Secretaries. The people were from Brooklyn, Williamsburg, Harlem, Astoria, Jamaica, Hughes, Sing Sing, Tarrytown, Hudson, Catskill, Albany, Troy, Newark, Paterson, Jersey City, and New York.

"On the platform were observed the Rev. Dr. Cheever, the Rev. Alfred Cookman, the Rev. Mr. Davis, Dexter Fairbank, E. D. Culver, the Rev. S. S. Jocelyn, the Rev. H. B. Garnet, the Rev. John T. Ray, the Rev. H. C. Brown, James May, James Smith, D. D., George T. Downing, John J. Zuille, the Hon. C. C. Leigh, the Rev. C. B. Ray, Patrick H. Reason, Peter S. Porter, George F. Wake, the Rev. John J. Hunter, of Sing Sing, the Rev. Theodore D. Miller of New York, the Rev. J. J. of Albany, and the Rev. E. J. Adams, of Newark.

"The exercises were opened by the Rev. JOHN T.

Mr. JOHN J. ZEILLE offered a preamble and resolution, in which he dwelt upon the great length of time which the people of the nation had spent in the perpetration of the crime of slavery. He said that the people of the United States had been guilty of a crime which was as great as the crime of the people of the South. He said that the people of the United States had been guilty of a crime which was as great as the crime of the people of the South. He said that the people of the United States had been guilty of a crime which was as great as the crime of the people of the South.

and that new duties would present themselves for the
 not be ready to answer the call of their country to
 and up for the promotion of its interests, and the es-
 tablishment of human liberty. In concluding, he pri-
 vately exhorted the audience to persevere in their
 ad long since gone to their rest; also to the Rev. Dr.
 Cheever and the hero of Harper's Ferry, John Brown.
 The speaker then alluded to the late session of the
 Congress, and John Brown, "while his soul is
 marching on," respectively. The cheers were given
 to each of these persons with a difference of time,
 and at any of our largest public meetings.
 The effect of these cheers and the waving of the snow
 white handkerchiefs was electric upon those who oc-
 curred.

GEORGE T. DOWNING briefly reviewed the dark
 days of the past, and the hopes of the colored people
 were now vanished, and they could rely upon
 justice and law. When the history of the present war
 shall be written, it will record of the colored men of
 existence was threatened, they sprang to their feet and
 volunteered their services to their country. That
 sentiment. He warned the government that, should they
 fail to abolish slavery throughout the length and

Wm. J. Wilson characterized the men who came to these shores in the Mayflower as men of principle and uprose; and those who landed in Virginia as men whose principle was acquisition and power.


PENNSYLVANIA YEARLY MEETING OF PROGRESSIVE FRIENDS.—The tenth Yearly Meeting of Progressive Friends will convene at Longwood, Chester County, Pennsylvania, on **FIFTH DAY**, (Thursday,) the 6th of Sixth month. (June), 1888.

This annual assemblage is held for religious communion, for mutual interchange of thought and opinion, for the perpetuation of old friendships and the formation of new ; in brief, for a festival of two or three days of social, intellectual, and spiritual fellowship and profit. The members of this Religious Society do not hold their membership by virtue of any ecclesiastical vows or bonds, or of any real

supposed unity of the logical belief. Their common faith, if it were written, would be simply and only the essential principle of love to God—a love to be exhibited, not through devotion to creeds and forms, but in lives of purity and beneficence, in the recognition and defence of the equal rights of mankind, in efforts to break the chains of the oppressed, and in a firm resistance to every form of iniquity and wrong.


Such being the spirit and aims of the Progressive Friends, the Slaveholders' Rebellion, its causes and consequences, and the means by which alone it can be effectually put down, will naturally engage no small share of the attention of the Yearly Meeting; and it cannot be doubted that, with an earnestness and solemnity worthy of the crisis, it will seek to persuade the people and the government to avert

the calamities of civil war, and open up the only path to permanent peace and prosperity, by "proclaiming liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof." To all persons who cherish the spirit and principles above set forth, we extend a cordial invitation to meet and co-operate with the Society.

 WM. LEVY GARRISON and THEODORE TILTON have engaged to be present, with other speakers.

Oliver Johnson,	Isaac Mendenhall,
Joseph A. Dugdale,	Sarah Marsh Barnard,
Elizabeth Jackson,	Lydia Irish,
Sumner Stebbins,	Jennie K. Smith,
William Barnard,	Ellen Angier,
Hannah Cox,	Aaron Mendenhall,
Dinah Mendenhall,	Fallie Howell,

Josiah Wilson, Samuel B. Underhill,
Ruth Dagdale, Philena Heald,
Annie M. Stambeach, Elsie H. Mendenhall,
Mary P. Wilson, Eusebius Barnard.

 **FRIENDS OF HUMAN PROGRESS.**—The fourteenth Yearly Meeting of the Friends of Human Progress will be held at the Hotel New York, New York, on the 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, and 31st of May, 1900.

will be held in Friends' Meeting-House, near the village of
Waterloo, in the county of Seneca, N. Y., on Friday, the
30th day of May instant, commencing at 10 o'clock, A. M.,
and continuing through Saturday and Sunday.

To this meeting all, without distinction of creed, sex or
name, are invited to come, especially all earnest friends and
well wishers to the human race, all who aspire for enfran-
chisement and elevation of life, the attainment of clear-

Gifted speakers from abroad will be present, who will enrich and refresh with their words of admonition and cheer.

Communications to the meeting should be addressed to
F. LISK, Waterloo, N. Y.

By order of COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS..

MISS ANNA E. DICKINSON will speak in PORTSMOUTH, (N. H.) on Sunday, May 25, afternoon and evening, upon topics connected with the War, and its influence on Slavery.

Wm. Wells Brown will speak at Hopedale, Sunday, June 1st, on the Progress of Freedom. At Milford, in the evening. Subject—"What shall be done with the Slaves, if they are liberated?"

WORCESTER COUNTY NORTH.—The Annual Meeting of the Worcester County North Division Anti-Slavery Society will be held on Sunday, June 1st. (The place

Members of the Society are particularly requested to attend, and all true friends of freedom and of their country are invited.

PARKER PILLEURY, AARON M. POWELL, and other speakers will attend the meeting.

JOSHUA T. EVERETT, *President.*

REMOVAL.—DISEASES OF WOMEN AND CHILDREN.—MARGARET B. BROWN, M. D., and Wm. SYMINGTON BROWN, M. D., have removed to No. 23, Chauncy Street, Boston, where they may be consulted on the above diseases. Office hours, from 10, A. M., to 4 o'clock, P. M. 3m March 28.

DIED.—In Farmington, (Michigan,) April 21, ERMAN LAFHAM, aged 80 years.

A pioneer in the West, a man of decided energy and high integrity, he was long an active member of the Society of Friends, (Hicksite.) In the last ten years, while retaining the better features of Quakerism, he had grown to a more catholic charity, a clearer and more impartial

searching for truth, and an earnest interest in the reforms of the day. He was a true friend of freedom. The spirit-life was to him a reality. Not long before his departure, he said to a friend, "I am too feeble to talk much now, but by-and-by we shall have great satisfaction together."

His last years were, as he said, his happiest, and his last days, even amidst bodily suffering, sweetly cheerful.

and serene. At the funeral, a brother, (Eli Lapham of Battle Creek, a veteran reformer,) spoke with great feeling and power, and others added their testimony. G. B. S.

THE PULPIT AND ROSTRUM.

DOUBLE NUMBER.

Three different men—WM. LOYD GARRISON, of

Massachusetts, GARRETT DAVIS, of Kentucky, ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS, of Georgia—are represented in the *Pulpit and Rostrum*, Nos. 26 and 27, (double number, two in one, price 20 cents,) as follows:—

The Abolitionists, and their Relations to the War: A Lecture by William Lloyd Garrison, delivered at the Cooper Institute, New York, January 14, 1862.

The War not for Confiscation or Emancipation: A

speech by Hon. Garrett Davis, delivered in the U. S. Senate, January 23, 1862.

African Slavery, the Corner-Stone of the Southern Confederacy: A Speech by Hon. Alexander H. Stephens, Vice President of the Confederacy, in which the speaker holds that "African slavery, as it exists among us, is the proper status of the negro in our form of civilization;" and "our new Government [the Southern Confederacy] is the first in the history of

the world based upon this great physical, philosophical and moral truth."

✎ Referring to these speeches, Dr. ORESTES A. BROWNSON, in his *Quarterly Review* for April, says :

"These three speeches are well placed in juxtaposition. Mr. Garrison is no favorite of ours, but he is an honest, outspoken man. He was almost the first among us to open the war for the liberation of the slave, and ever since 1829,

has labored incessantly and unflinchingly in the Abolition cause, through no little obloquy and reproach. He deserves respect, if for nothing else, for the firmness with which he has stood by his principles, and the masterly courage and ability with which he has defended them. We are no Abolitionists of his type, but we honor the man who would wed himself for life or death to a great and just cause. We applaud for the defenceless when there are none to help, and we speak out for the dumb when all are silent. Say what you will, William Lloyd Garrison, the Newburgh man, is a hero.

will live in history as one of the moral heroes of American history, when we, and men far greater than we, shall be forgotten."

E. D. BARKER, PUBLISHER,
135 Grand St., New York.

A GOOD CHANCE
TO LEASE A SMALL FARM FOR ONE

A MIDDLE aged or young man, with a small family, with no other capital than a pair of willing hands, frugal and industrious habits, intelligent mind, a good moral character, somewhat acquainted with agricultural pursuits, will find a rare chance to lease—on the most favorable terms—a small farm, with all the stock and tools, and household furniture, situated in Pepperell, 3-4 miles

from the district school, nearly three miles from the post-office, stores, churches, and a flourishing academy, under the management of an accomplished preceptor, four miles from the railway station, and two hours' ride, by rail, from the city of Boston,—by making immediate application to the subscriber, on the premises. For particulars, inquire of W. M. SPARRELL, Architect, No. 9 State Street, or at the Anti-Slavery Office, 221 Washington Street, Boston, where ambrotypic views of the buildings may be seen.

ferences as to all the above qualifications, or who uses intoxicating drinks, moderately or immoderately, or is passionately fond of dogs, since the lessor is desirous of making his home with the lessee, and could not tolerate such visitors.

A. H. WOOD.

Oak Hall, Pepperell, Mass., May 12.

supposed unity of the logical belief. Their common faith, if it were written, would be simply and only the essential principle of love to God—a love to be exhibited, not through devotion to creeds and forms, but in lives of purity and beneficence, in the recognition and defence of the equal rights of mankind, in efforts to break the chains of the oppressed, and in a firm resistance to every form of iniquity and wrong.

Oliver Johnson,	Isaac Mendenhall,
Joseph A. Dugdale,	Sarah Marsh Barnard,
Elizabeth Jackson,	Lydia Irish,
Sumner Stebbins,	Jennie K. Smith,
William Barnard,	Ellen Angier,
Hannah Cox,	Aaron Mendenhall,
Dinah Mendenhall,	Fallie Howell,

Gifted speakers from abroad will be present, who will enrich and refresh with their words of admonition and cheer.

Communications to the meeting should be addressed to
F. LISK, Waterloo, N. Y.

By order of COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS..

Members of the Society are particularly requested to attend, and all true friends of freedom and of their country are invited.

PARKER PILLEURY, AARON M. POWELL, and other speakers will attend the meeting.

JOSHUA T. EVERETT, *President.*

searching for truth, and an earnest interest in the reforms of the day. He was a true friend of freedom. The spirit-life was to him a reality. Not long before his departure, he said to a friend, "I am too feeble to talk much now, but by-and-by we shall have great satisfaction together."

His last years were, as he said, his happiest, and his last days, even amidst bodily suffering, sweetly cheerful.

speech by Hon. Garrett Davis, delivered in the U. S. Senate, January 23, 1862.

African Slavery, the Corner-Stone of the Southern Confederacy: A Speech by Hon. Alexander H. Stephens, Vice President of the Confederacy, in which the speaker holds that "African slavery, as it exists among us, is the proper status of the negro in our form of civilization;" and "our new Government [the Southern Confederacy] is the first in the history of

will live in history as one of the moral heroes of American history, when we, and men far greater than we, shall be forgotten."

E. D. BARKER, PUBLISHER,
135 Grand St., New York.

A GOOD CHANCE
TO LEASE A SMALL FARM FOR ONE

ferences as to all the above qualifications, or who uses intoxicating drinks, moderately or immoderately, or is passionately fond of dogs, since the lessor is desirous of making his home with the lessee, and could not tolerate such usages.

A. H. WOOD.

Oak Hall, Pepperell, Mass., May 12.

The Liberator.

For the Liberator.

The following lines, written some time ago, and during the life of the good and noble man they attempt, in part, to illustrate. They are now offered, for the first time, for publication to the Liberator, a journal which the deceased highly valued for its untiring devotion to the cause of the slave, and the oppressed everywhere.

HENRY D. THOREAU died at his home in Concord, Mass., May 6th, 1862, in the 45th year of his age.
New Bedford, May 11, 1862.

WALDEN.

Here, once a poet most serenely lived,
A poet and philosopher, far and forth,
For in him both have joined, and greatly thrived,
And found content before the God of Truth.

A plain set man, a man of culture rare,
Who left an honor on old Harvard's walls;
An honest man, in search of Nature's fate,
The spot more rich where his shadow falls.

Near by the shore his cabin reared its head,
With his own hands he built the simple dome,
And here, alone, to thought and study led,
He found a genial, though a humble home.

From the seat produce of a neighboring field,
Tilled by his hands, he got his honest bread;
But Nature, for him, greater crops did yield,
In rich abundance daily for him spread.

The woods, the fields, the lake, and all around,
Both man and beast, and bird, and insect small,
In his kind mind a shrewd expression found—
For truth and beauty he discerned in all.

A jurist learned in Nature's court supreme,
A wise physician, priest, and teacher too,
For whom each sphere reveals a ready theme,
And wisdom is exhaled, both old and new.

While others unto foreign lands have gone,
And in old footsteps traveled far and wide,
This man at home a richer prize hath won,
From freer fields, unknown to wealth and pride.

His own good life has borne him well about,
As many a luckless wight hath proven true,
And Concord soil in him hath found a tongue,
Henceforth his hills, his gently flowing stream,

His woods and fields, shall classic ground become,
And e'en the village street with interest beam,
Where one so nobly true hath found a home.

To Walden pond thy ingenious youth shall lie,
And mark the spot where stood the hermitage;
But ye who seek, mid glittering scenes to vie,
Let other haunts your vanity engage.

Go on, brave man! in thy own chosen way—
How many ills of life thou dost escape!
Thy brave example others shall essay,
And from thy lesson happier lives may shape.

Shall learn from thee to find a ready store
Of choicest treasures spread before their eyes;
For Nature ever keeps an open door,
And bids a welcome to the good and wise.

New Bedford, Jan. 17, 1860. D. R.

"Henry D. Thoreau, of Concord, Mass., author of 'A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers,' 'Walden, or Life in the Woods,' works whose titles give but little indication of the fresh and vigorous thought and rare learning contained within them; besides of various papers, essays, and literary—ah, what a good abolitionist! Walden pond lies about one mile south of Concord."

HENRY DAVID THOREAU.

Hush the loud chant, ye birds, at even and morn,
And something plaintive tell the robin sing;
Gone is our Woodsman, leaving us forlorn,
Your whispering grief he for ever brings.

Forlorn, and wanders now by fair streams—
Ye too forgetful of his earlier loves,
Ah, no! for so Affection fondly dreams,
THOREAU! were shame to weep above thy grave,
Or doubting thy soul's far flight pursue;
Peace and Delight must then await the brave,
And Love attend the loving, wise and true.

Thy well-kept vases our broken aims shall mend,
Oh as we think on thee, great-hearted friend!
Concord, May 6, 1862. F. B. S.

SPEECH OF WENDELL PHILLIPS, ESQ.,

AT THE

Anniversary of the New York City Anti-Slavery Society,
held in the Cooper Institute, May 7th, 1862.

REPORTED BY J. M. W. BENTON.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—I take it that the mission of the Abolitionists, this summer, is to endeavor to guide the nation's steps in the untrodden path of the use of its war powers. We have had a Constitution for seventy years. We have passed through most of the phases of a life of peace. We have exhausted discussion, almost, in regard to the powers of the Executive and of Congress, in times of peace. We have never had a moment when, in any broad sense, the war power of Congress was called into existence, with any direction toward home affairs. Its foreign powers were exercised in the war of 1812, and in the Mexican war; but we have now a new phase of the question—civil war—one half of the nation against the other half; and it has taken us, as a people, about twelve months to come to the conclusion that this is a war. (Laughter.) Mr. Seward did not wake up to the conviction that we are at war for some three or four or six months. His statement to the European governments, that this difficulty would subside in ninety days, or sixty, and that the condition of no individual, in the Territories or the States, would be altered by the war, whatever the result might be, was based on the supposition that this is not a war, but merely a political difference, such as we had when Jefferson was elected, in 1801—such as we had in Hartford Convention times, 1812 or 1814—such as we had in Missouri Compromise times, 1819—such as we had when Texas sent Adams and some score of condottieri into one wing of the Capitol, to proclaim to the North that the time had come which justified, and, in their opinion, called for, a division of the Union—such as we had in 1850, when the compromise measures were finally passed. In the cabin of one of the national ships sent down to Norfolk to destroy the Navy Yard, there was a foreign-born officer, who, when he heard they had a year's munitions of war, six months' food, and two thousand cannon planted, and strong bulwarks, offered to take command of two companies, and keep that Navy Yard at least three months; to save six millions of dollars, and all the cannon the South has, that will not burst at the first discharge. (Laughter.) The West Point bred officer to whom he was speaking—the son-in-law of a distinguished American—took him down into the cabin, and said, in French—"You don't understand this matter; you are a stranger. This is no war, it is only a political difference. We shall settle it in a month or two. It will gratify the South to be allowed to see this destruction—a point of honor yielded to her. We had better surrender this yard; burn and scuttle her; we need; we shall the sooner settle it." "Oh," said the foreign officer, "I thought you were fighting; it was a mistake; very well." That was the mistake under which the whole nation rested for six or eight months.

Well, we ran away from Manassas. We gathered another army, and we fought some bloody and gallant fights, such as the world cannot, of late years, show many like. This contentment was almost virgin soil—hardly a dozen spots marked by the hoof of the demon of war. At last, we have anchored it alongside of Europe and South America. Hundreds of its valleys and mountains are marked with the progress of battle or its actual conflict, and, battle-stained, blood-soaked, we are to go down to posterity like all other nations, emerging from battle. The Anti-Slavery enterprise was launched on the idea that we were a civilized people—that, as in the mother country, argument

could decide the question—that nineteen millions of Americans could lift the slave into liberty as easily as England did, without a drop of blood. In that day, orators spoke of peace, and poets sung of it. Sumner was first launched from a lawyer into a statesman by preaching peace on the fourth day of July to astounded Boston. Longfellow's exquisite verse was given to the Springfield Armory, wishing that its words might be beaten into ploughshares. You remember it. We trusted in pulpits, school-houses, and books; we believed that the millennium of brains had come, not bullets. We were right, so far as the north of the Potomac was concerned; but we forgot that this live North, this nineteenth century, with its types and its ideas, was linked, like the man in the classic legend, to the dead carcass of the sixteenth century—with the barbarism, the half-development of the other side of the Potomac. The Jesuit said in Paris, two hundred years ago, "The only light fit to instruct the erring in the *auto-da-fé* of a man burnt for his heresy in opinion." We laughed at it, as a picture of the Sorbonne—dead and buried for two centuries. But a Northerner needed to travel only five hundred miles, any time within the last thirty years, to see his brother burned, for heresy of opinion, under the stars and stripes. The same barbarism, the same picture; and it is because we are tied to that barbarism, that we are obliged to abide to-day the arbitrament of battle—brute force. Brains can argue with brains, but brains cannot argue with brute force. When the bulls of the prairies rebel against man, he shoots them. So, when the brutes of the cane-brakes, or of the tobacco lands, or of the cotton islands, rebel against the men of the North, they cannot meet them with pulpits nor school-houses; they can only meet them with armies; and that is where the nation has been pushed by the necessity of the struggle.

I say, this new life needs that man should guide the nation's idea carefully in the new time and new crisis. The President is a very slow man; an honest man, but a slow-moving machine. (Laughter.) On the 4th day of March, 1861, he gave us his inaugural, based on the idea of universal conciliation; based on the idea, as Conway of Cincinnati said, that "he would like to have the Lord Almighty on his side, but he must have the State of Kentucky." (Laughter and applause.) Then we waited a year—a whole twelve-month—till the 7th of March, 1862—and he took one step. That was, "I can do without the State of Kentucky. I advise you to emancipate, because I can do without you." That is the Border State Message. Now, I express my sincere conviction, with no disrespect to the President, when I say that I believe he will wait until next March, if left to himself, before he takes another step. He steps by years! (Great merriment.) You see there is a reason for it. The President's policy is, that the Border States must hold out their hands to him. He has held out his hand to them, and said, "Gentlemen, there is the money; will you take it?" They have got to meet in January, and debate whether they will take it. That debate will last two months—till March. He will judge then whether they will accept or not. If he thinks they will not, perhaps he will wait a year before he takes another step. The Border States have not had the magnanimity to summon special sessions of their Legislatures to consider that Message. Perhaps that was not possible. They must ripen a public opinion for it. But, at any rate, I believe President Lincoln, at this moment, means to wait until next March before advancing another step. That is very slow progress. I think, if we can judge him about a little, it will be of great advantage. (Merriment.) I think, in the meantime, we should ripen public sentiment, so that, if we cannot move the central body, we can make a flank movement, if you please; we can move our pickets ahead, if we cannot move our main body.

You see, here is Johnson, military Governor in Tennessee; and a gentleman who honored us with his presence yesterday morning, Gen. Saxton, I am told, is to go to South Carolina, as military Governor of that State. How does he go? He goes as the representative of the military power of the President of the United States. It is the first time in our history that it has ever been exercised. This sending a military Governor into a sister State, what does it mean?—What power has he—how shall he use it? You and I are to exercise our fair share of influence in deciding what the power is, and how he shall use it. Let me suggest one or two considerations to you. How does Gen. Saxton go there? If the State of South Carolina exists, he has no right there. If there be a corporation known by the name of the State of South Carolina to-day in existence, Brig-Gen. Saxton has no right, in the capacity in which the President sends him, to stand on her soil. Why does he go? He goes on the theory of the Government, that there is no corporation known to the law called and styled the State of So. Carolina; that there is no corporation there competent to do an act, competent to pass a law, competent to record a judgment, competent to initiate an election. You know, in the Dred Scott case, Mr. Webster argued that the people of the Dred Scott could not meet and vote, could not even vote the State into existence, unless some recognized legislative body existed in the State to initiate and inaugurate the movement. That is the theory of American institutions. Now, if there exists in the State of South Carolina a body capable of a political act, Gen. Saxton has no right to go there. He goes on the theory that the United States Government owns the land, and that the United States Government holds the people as its subjects; that there is nothing else there but land and people, and therefore we send a Governor, in the shape of a Brigadier-General. Well, if he goes there as a Brigadier-General, Military Governor of a Territory of the United States, what does he carry? He carries the Republican platform of Chicago—that the Territories of the United States ignore slavery. He carries the pledge of the fifteen hundred thousand voters who sent Abraham Lincoln to Washington, that a Republican Brigadier-General has not spectacles keen enough to see a slave on the grass of the South Carolina. (Applause.) He has no glass that can tell him the difference between white and black. He sees only a man, created in the image of God, competent to vote in the Territories of the United States, and subject to taxation and the laws of the Federal Government. I think we are entitled to demand of the Republican party, now in possession of the Government, whose corner-stone was that they would annihilate the Dred Scott decision, who leapt into the saddle from the horse-back of Taney's bad law—we are entitled to demand of that party, that when, by military power, it takes possession of Tennessee and South Carolina, it shall carry there the only plank in its platform which had any value, that the United States Government can neither make a king nor a slave. (Applause.) I criticize Andrew Johnson, therefore, because, when he goes to Tennessee, he recognizes slavery. I hope that Brigadier-General Saxton, if he goes to South Carolina, will know nothing but citizens, black and white. (Applause.) If he does, it is our duty to arraign the Government; it is our duty to criticize the Administration which makes this fatal mistake in the theory of its powers. Either the States exist, or they do not exist. If they exist, we have one work to do; if they do not exist, we have another. We are proceeding on the principle that they do not exist. The Commander-in-Chief takes military possession of the lands, in the name of the Government, and puts State law under his feet—it has no existence. Whenever the State of South Carolina is to exist, he must call it into being. I would like to see the United States Government, under Republican auspices, call a slave State into being!

Now, ladies and gentlemen, this seems to be the channel (our friend Theodore Tilton) has adverted to it) in which the Government chooses to move—that in case the President take possession of the territory, he shall, as the military chief, exercise the war power of the Government. Grant! No matter whether it is exercised by Congress or the President, but whichever does exercise it, we must demand that it be exercised consistently; and the path is perfectly clear. We do not need a Confiscation bill. If the President will only use the power that he has, in its full breadth, there is no need of advertising to the distinction which our friend made in his speech in regard to the condition of the blacks. The United States Government cannot make a slave nor a king, and everything south of the Potomac belongs to the Government, not to the States. (Applause.) We have conquered it, and it is ours. (Renewed applause.) Ours by the blood of Pittsburg and Roanoke; ours by the conquest of Yorktown and New Orleans; ours by a thousand million of taxes; ours by the names of Ellsworth and Lyon, and Winthrop and Baker. (Great applause.) I do not think we have any claim to govern this country on the ground that we have more cannon, more money, and more men than the South. That is a bald, brutal superiority. The claim of the North to govern must be founded on the ground that our civilization is better, purer, nobler, higher, than that of the South. Our civilization is ideas, rights, education, labor. This is my doctrine: I hold that the South is to be annihilated. I do not mean the geographical South. That is not the sense in which we have used the word of late. The map will still show the inlets of Roanoke and Ship Island. But when we have used the word "South," of late, we have used it to mean the intellect, social, aristocratic South—the thing that represented itself by slavery and the bowie-knife, by bullying and lynch law, by ignorance and idleness, by the claim of one man to own his brother, by statutes making it penal for the State of Massachusetts to bring an action in the courts, by statutes, existing on the books of Georgia to-day, offering five thousand dollars for the head of William Lloyd Garrison. That South is to be annihilated. (Loud applause.) The totality of my common sense—or whatever you may call it—is this, all summed up in one word: This country will never know peace nor union until the South (using the word in the sense I have described) is annihilated, and the North is spread over it. I do not care where men go for the power. They may find it in the parchment—I do. I think, with Patrick Henry, with John Quincy Adams, with Gen. Cass, we have got ample constitutional powers; but if we had not, it would not trouble me in the least. (Laughter and applause.) I do not think a nation's life is locked up in a parchment. I think this is the momentous struggle of a great nation for existence and perpetuity. We have been planted as one; the normal idea of the nation is that it is to be one and indivisible. The mouth of the Mississippi belongs as much to Illinois as to Louisiana. A Massachusetts farmer, who sold out his hundred acres, took his five hundred or fifty thousand dollars, went out and bought prairie land, cast in his lot with Illinois, gave his children to that civilization, and his twenty years of labor to that soil, on what faith did he do it?—on what conditions did he do it? That Illinois, locked up among the lakes and the mountains, was to be his home, and the field of his labor, and the boundary of his trade? No; he read the history of this people, since 1801, and saw them pour out their wealth by millions at the feet of the French Emperor, to buy access to the ocean, and believed that we owned it. When Massachusetts and New Hampshire sent out their farmers by thousands to Illinois and Iowa, they went with the expectation, under the pledge, that they should have a highway to the ocean on the surface of the Mississippi. The fulfillment of that pledge New England owes to her sons to-day; and Illinois may well rise up and say, "When you sold me this land from the Land Office at Washington, you sold it with the mouth of the Mississippi as a part of the bargain; and Louisiana has no right, for any cause that she can show, to take it from me. If she can show that we have violated the Declaration of Independence, if she can show that we have failed to secure her the ends of government, liberty and happiness, she has a right to secede. Without it, the mouth of the Mississippi belongs to Illinois."

I use that illustration to show that we are one, as a nation. That being taken for granted at the outset, which civilization is to govern? The best. For thirty years, the North flung down the gauntlet of the printing-press, and said, "I will prove that mine is the best." The South accepted the Constitution of the United States, securing a free press, and took the risk. She said, "There is my slavery. I believe it will be a useful discussion. I am willing to put it into the cannon." And Massachusetts put in her land and property, and we made a "hodge-podge," as the English landlady says, a general mess, a bowl of punch, (laughter,) of all the institutions of the nation, and we said, "There is the free press on the top, and the one that cannot bear it goes to the bottom." (Applause.) For two generations, the experiment went on; and when Lincoln went to Washington, South Carolina saw the handwriting on the wall—the handwriting of old—that the free press had conquered, and that slavery was sinking, like a dead body, to the bottom; and she said, practically, "I know I made the bargain, but I cannot abide it. I know I agreed to put myself into the general partnership, and now comes the demand for my submission to the great laws of human progress—I cannot submit." So she loaded her guns, and turned them, shot to the lips, against the Federal Government, saying, "There is a fortification behind the printing-press—it is my rifle." "All well," said the North; "now we will try that." (Applause.) I offered you the nineteenth century, with books, with you, and held them until she could educate them, and it took a generation. That is just what we have got to do with the South; annihilate the old South, and put a new one there. Some men say, begin it by exporting the blacks. If you do, you export the very fulcrum of the lever; you export the very best material to begin with. My friend (Mr. Tilton) said something about the Alleghenies moving toward the ocean as the symbol of colonization. Let me change it. The nation that should shovel down the Alleghenies, and then build them up again, would give us a Secretary, we have got our Monitor, with four million blacks, and then import four million of Chinese to take their place. To dig a hole, and then fill it up again, to build a wall for the purpose of beating out your brains against it, would be Shakespearean wisdom compared with such an undertaking. I want the blacks as the very basis of the effort to regenerate the South. They know every inlet, the pathway of every word, the whole country is a map at night to their instinct. When Burnside unfurled the stars and stripes in sight of Roanoke, he saw a little cannon paddling off to him, which held a single black man; and in that contraband hand, victory was brought to the United States of America, led by Burnside. He came to the Rhode Island General, and said, "This is deep water, and that is shoal; this is swamp, that is firm land, and that is wood; there are four thousand men here, and one thousand there; a cannon here, a redbud there." The whole country was mapped out, as an engineer could not have done it in a month, in the memory of that man. And Burnside was loyal to his belief, and believed him. (Applause.) Disloyalty to the Northern pulpits, disloyalty to the prejudice of race, he was loyal to the instincts of our common nature, knew that man would tell him the truth, and obeyed him. The soldiers forded where the negro bade them, the vessels anchored in the deep waters he pointed out; and that victory was planned, if there was any strategy about it, in the brain of that contraband (laughter); and to-day he stands at the right hand of Burnside, clad in uniform, long before the Hunter armed a negro, with the pledge of the General that, as long as he lives and has anything to eat, the man that gave him Roanoke shall have half a loaf. (Enthusiastic applause.) Do you suppose, that if I could multiply that instance by four million, the American people can afford to give up such assistance? Of course not. We want to work out the great problem of unfolding a nation's life. We want the four million of blacks—people instinctively on our side, ready and skilled to work; the only element the South has that belongs

to the nineteenth century. You never can mistake them. It used to be said, in old anti-slavery times, that if a fugitive negro saw a Quaker coat, his heart beat easy—he knew he was safe. I think the stars and stripes can float lazily down and kiss the standard, all over the South, when a black face is in sight. I want it there, therefore.

I am not speaking for the negro; I am not asking for his rights; I am asking for the use of him. I want him for the future. We have to make over the State of South Carolina, and we have not a white man in it. Did you observe that significant telegram of McClellan from Yorktown—it was only the repetition of a dozen telegrams that preceded it—"To the Secretary of War: Sir, we have taken Yorktown; only one single white man in it." He does not think it necessary to say there were some thousands of negroes. Of course there were. They stayed where liberty was coming, and ideas, and civilization, and men who worked with their hands and their brains, as they did. They recognized in the Yankee a brother mechanic. (Laughter and applause.) They said: "Here are men who don't know how to do anything but eat, and they are going. The people who are coming are men who know how to manufacture, to create, and we, the creators of the South, stand to welcome the creators of the North." (Applause.) But that one poor solitary white man, who always remains (laughter)—just like

"The last rose of summer
Left blooming alone,
[Great merriment.]
He is only suggestive of that other kindred and friendly race which never flies.

Well, I believe in Saxton. I think that when he gets on the soil of South Carolina, with Hunter for his right hand, we shall hear good news; but I do not believe (and here, perhaps, you will not agree with me) in our Generals. I do not believe we shall do much until we get rid of several of them. Not that they are very good Generals, for aught I know. I obey the Herald, and the Express, and the Observer, who say that peaceable men are not to criticize military maneuvers. I do not know anything about fortifications, and Gen. Scott says that McClellan does understand them, and I wish we had found that that is what he does understand. (Laughter.) But that is what the old General says. I have no doubt he does understand them. I am happy that he does; but that is not the question. The question is, whether he has yet travelled up, in the course of his education, to the conviction that this is not a political squabble, but a war. In political squabbles, we do not hurt anybody; we turn them out of office. In war, we kill them. There is the difference. Now, whether Jefferson Davis is in office or not does not matter, if another man, like him, is to hold it. Put the South back just where she was before the rebellion, as Mr. Joel Parker recommends, in the North American Review, who shall we have in Congress? We shall not have Toombs and Davis, but "a rose by any other name will smell as sweet." (Laughter.) We shall have just such men. Like causes will produce like effects. The same spirit will send the same men. I want different men. I want a North wind. I want the waves setting North; that is, I want a North wind. I do not want that class of men, but a different class. We have tried that class of men by logic and by battle, and they have failed in both. I claim the right of having the Northern idea represented all over the Union. The South, for sixty years, beat us at the ballot-box. She had all the Judges, and all the offices. Grant it! She beat us, and there was an end of it. If we could not beat her, the majority rule, and we submitted to our fate. Now, the tables are turned; the government is on our side; and I am perfectly willing to say now—what the government will in three years, or fifteen—that there ought never to be a government in South Carolina until it is the result of free institutions, and the expression of them. (Applause.) Never until that time can there be a Union; never until that time can there be a nation. I want to impress that idea upon your minds, because I would like to carry you back to revolutionary times. We were said our fathers went to war for a preamble. They did not wait for the government to be annihilated, for great rights to be jeopardized. Now, we have not yet risen to their level. The North is very much excited by the news of the barbarities at Manassas—that is not principle. The Senate is discussing whether they will confiscate, as a method of punishment; you hear nothing of the negro—nothing of righteousness—nothing of right and wrong—nothing of the security for the future that we are to take. Men say, "If it is a military necessity, in order to conquer Carolina, take her blacks." I say, if it is a civil necessity, in order to keep her quiet for thirty years, take her blacks." (Applause.) The men who have been making money for thirty years, and lost it within a year—do they want to go on for another thirty years, build up another fortune, and then have, as Mr. Tilton says, another earthquake? No; we will destroy that system, in order to build our fortunes in future upon the granite of absolute security. That is the motive. In order that it may be done, see to it that you urge the government forward. I wish to take back what I said of Secretary Welles some time ago, that he was not wise and alert in the matter of the Monitor. I did him injustice, and I am glad to say that I think the Secretary of the Navy deserves to stand next to the Secretary of War. (Applause.) I believe he has never done an act that acknowledged slavery since he has been in office, and every voice that has been heard from the Navy Department has been one that indicated a thorough fathoming of the nature of our institutions. More than that; it is certainly due to the navy to say, that wherever it has shown itself in any battle, it has done its duty; and in almost every great battle, we have owed one-half of our success to the navy. Now, I cannot go behind these facts to criticize individuals; I do not know where the merits rest. All I say is, that the navy has got its heart, its power, turned in the right direction, and I am willing to believe, that while Connecticut gives us a Secretary, we have got our Monitor, with a steel prow, and that she will beat back the Merrimack, if she does not sink her, wherever they meet. I mean to say, that I think the navy will supply itself with sufficient material, and be led by energetic orders from headquarters, and will do its duty. I wished to say so much, because, once or twice, I have done injustice to Mr. Secretary Welles.

But it is not in the Cabinet, it is in public opinion that we are to find the strength of our cause this summer. We may have a lull this June. In the winter months, in Kentucky and Virginia, we lost 2,200 soldiers a month from disease—more than two regiments. Out of 600,000 men, in a time of absolute peace, we may say—no battles being fought—in the cool middle of the winter, in winter, we have buried 2,800 men a month. How many shall we bury when, advancing southward, in summer time, those 600,000 men meet nothing but the climate? Six thousand—eight thousand—ten thousand. We are approaching that summer; and it is this that sends bitterness to Northern business and trade, will move self-interest to cure this evil as rapidly as possible. Political intrigues will endeavor to settle it anyhow; will be willing that Johnson, in Tennessee, shall get peace, no matter how; that the President shall exercise his military power. We cannot avert it; we ought not to avert it. But we ought to claim, in behalf of the negro, and in behalf of the nation, as a great matter of future security, that the President shall exercise his power, as a Republican—as an Abolitionist, if you please—on the principles of the platform that lifted him into office. I fear it will not be done, until we get rid of the leading influences in the army. I have nothing to say of Halleck, as a soldier; nothing to say of McClellan, and little to say of Grant. All I know is, that they do not believe—neither does Anderson, of your city, fresh from Sumter—that the root of this difficulty is slavery; and not believing it, they do not mean to touch it. I believe that when Oliver Cromwell was asked, "Would you shoot the king; if you

Wyoming, Pennsylvania. His only crime was outspoken Union sentiment.

I mean these things to show you how completely slavery and secession have barbarized and destroyed society in the slave States; and my opinion, after twenty-five years of personal observation and close contact with it, is that now is the time to put the great disturbing element in such a position that we are satisfied it is in a way of extinction, and that beyond all possible doubt. If we go back to the old status in regard to slavery, and revive the enforcement of the Fugitive Slave Law, up rise old slave-traders, slave-breeder, and slave-bullies, at every election precinct in every slave State, and slave-bullies in Congress and everywhere. You can never compromise with slavery. It will rule and destroy you, or you must destroy it. (Applause.)

I know your conservative, charitable and generous sentiments toward your slave-breeding countrymen; but they are terribly in earnest in their endeavor to maintain and destroy this great Republic, or make us one great slave-trading, slave-breeding, slave-catching, and slave-extending people; and this cannot be entertained by the descendants of the Puritans, nor by any great and just people. Now is the time to LAY THE FOUNDATION FOR THE UNITY OF THE GREAT REPUBLIC.

I am informed by my ultra secession acquaintances (the Southern Commissioners in France and England) have been peddling or hawking around to those governments the proposition to gradually abolish slavery, if they will acknowledge their independence of them. All slaves now alive to be slaves for life, and all born after the treaty, to be freed after twenty-one years of age; and free trade for fifty years with the South.

Let us force that proposition with us, or if they still rebel, declare universal emancipation. Your Senator Sumner is fully ten years ahead of his countrymen, but he, on this question, is all right. (Loud applause.) I am afraid I have bored you with my long and tedious speech, but I have had a dear honorable friend shot dead in the presence of his wife and three children, for no other crime than that he was a straight outspoken Union man, and my clerk has been death-struck, and we go armed with pistols, and with a good disposition to use them, and I have seen a handsome competency vanish quickly before this secession crime. We dare not go into the country yet, but hope to soon.

Mr. Jefferson Davis has two hundred thousand men in arms to-day. I do not believe he ever had over three hundred thousand. Great brag, and they have bragged three hundred thousand into six, and wooden guns into iron ones. He has got two hundred thousand in arms to-day, and there is a strong probability that he will fight desperately somewhere, before he allows that army to disband. Before this body retreats into Mexico—before, like his great father in the Gospel, he goes "violently down a steep place into the sea," (loud laughter and applause.) he will fight a great battle somewhere. Let me warn you that, after the summer is over, after the yellow fever and typhus are quieted, we crush that army out, scatter it, demoralize it, conquer it—where is it to go? What will become of its materials? What brought it together? Hatred of us. Will being beaten love them love us? Is that the way to make men love you? Can you whip a man into loving you? You whip him into a bitter hate. Where will that army go? Into a state of society more cruel than war—whose characteristics are private assassination, burning, stabbing, shooting, poisoning. The consequence is, we have got not only an army to conquer, that, being beaten, will not own it, but we have got a state of mind to annihilate. You know Napoleon said, the difficulty with the German armies was, they didn't know when they were beaten. We have got a worse trouble than that. The South will not believe itself beaten, but the materials that make up its army will not retire back to peaceful pursuits. Where are they going to retire? They don't know how to do anything. You might think they would go back to trade. They don't know how to trade; they never did anything. You might think they would go back to their professions. They never had any. You might think they would go back to the mechanic arts. They don't know how to open a jack-knife. (Great merriment.) There is nothing for them to go to, unless we send them half a million of emancipated blacks, to teach them how to plant cotton. There is nothing for them to go to. Why, to the North, war is a terrible evil. It takes the lawyer, the merchant, the mechanic, from his industry, improving himself, occupying, and lets him down into the demoralization of a camp; but to the South, war is a gain. The young man, melted in sensuality, whose face was never lighted up by a purpose since his mother looked into his cradle—the mere wreck of what should have been a man—with neither ideas, nor inspirations, nor aspirations, was lifted by the war to a higher level. Did you ever look into the beautiful faces of those Roman young men, whose ideas were bugged by coffee and the opera—till Garibaldi's bugle waked them to life—because, because human still? That was the South. Over those wrecks of manhood, breathed the bugle-note of woman and politics, calling upon them to rally and fight for an idea—Southern independence. It lifted them, for the moment, into something that looked like civilization; it lifted them into something that was a real life; and to war to them is a gain. They go out of it, and they sink down a hundred degrees in the scale of civilization. They go back to bar-room, to corner-grocery, to plantation sensuality, to chopping straw, and calling it politics. (Laughter.)

Now, that South, angry, embittered, having arms in its hands, what is it going to do? Shoot, burn, poison, vent its rage on every side. The letter I have read shows that the first drops of the shower—the first patterings drops of the flood of barbarism that is to sweep over those Southern States, unless our armies hold them. When England conquered the Highlands, she held them, and held them until she could educate them, and it took a generation. That is just what we have got to do with the South; annihilate the old South, and put a new one there. Some men say, begin it by exporting the blacks. If you do, you export the very fulcrum of the lever; you export the very best material to begin with. My friend (Mr. Tilton) said something about the Alleghenies moving toward the ocean as the symbol of colonization. Let me change it. The nation that should shovel down the Alleghenies, and then build them up again, would give us a Secretary, we have got our Monitor, with four million blacks, and then import four million of Chinese to take their place. To dig a hole, and then fill it up again, to build a wall for the purpose of beating out your brains against it, would be Shakespearean wisdom compared with such an undertaking. I want the blacks as the very basis of the effort to regenerate the South. They know every inlet, the pathway of every word, the whole country is a map at night to their instinct. When Burnside unfurled the stars and stripes in sight of Roanoke, he saw a little cannon paddling off to him, which held a single black man; and in that contraband hand, victory was brought to the United States of America, led by Burnside. He came to the Rhode Island General, and said, "This is deep water, and that is shoal; this is swamp, that is firm land, and that is wood; there are four thousand men here, and one thousand there; a cannon here, a redbud there." The whole country was mapped out, as an engineer could not have done it in a month, in the memory of that man. And Burnside was loyal to his belief, and believed him. (Applause.) Disloyalty to the Northern pulpits, disloyalty to the prejudice of race, he was loyal to the instincts of our common nature, knew that man would tell him the truth, and obeyed him. The soldiers forded where the negro bade them, the vessels anchored in the deep waters he pointed out; and that victory was planned, if there was any strategy about it, in the brain of that contraband (laughter); and to-day he stands at the right hand of Burnside, clad in uniform, long before the Hunter armed a negro, with the pledge of the General that, as long as he lives and has anything to eat, the man that gave him Roanoke shall have half a loaf. (Enthusiastic applause.) Do you suppose, that if I could multiply that instance by four million, the American people can afford to give up such assistance? Of course not. We want to work out the great problem of unfolding a nation's life. We want the four million of blacks—people instinctively on our side, ready and skilled to work; the only element the South has that belongs

to the nineteenth century. You never can mistake them. It used to be said, in old anti-slavery times, that if a fugitive negro saw a Quaker coat, his heart beat easy—he knew he was safe. I think the stars and stripes can float lazily down and kiss the standard, all over the South, when a black face is in sight. I want it there, therefore.

I am not speaking for the negro; I am not asking for his rights; I am asking for the use of him. I want him for the future. We have to make over the State of South Carolina, and we have not a white man in it. Did you observe that significant telegram of McClellan from Yorktown—it was only the repetition of a dozen telegrams that preceded it—"To the Secretary of War: Sir, we have taken Yorktown; only one single white man in it." He does not think it necessary to say there were some thousands of negroes. Of course there were. They stayed where liberty was coming, and ideas, and civilization, and men who worked with their hands and their brains, as they did. They recognized in the Yankee a brother mechanic. (Laughter and applause.) They said: "Here are men who don't know how to do anything but eat, and they are going. The people who are coming are men who know how to manufacture, to create, and we, the creators of the South, stand to welcome the creators of the North." (Applause.) But that one poor solitary white man, who always remains (laughter)—just like

the nineteenth century. You never can mistake them. It used to be said, in old anti-slavery times, that if a fugitive negro saw a Quaker coat, his heart beat easy—he knew he was safe. I think the stars and stripes can float lazily down and kiss the standard, all over the South, when a black face is in sight. I want it there, therefore.

I am not speaking for the negro; I am not asking for his rights; I am asking for the use of him. I want him for the future. We have to make over the State of South Carolina, and we have not a white man in it. Did you observe that significant telegram of McClellan from Yorktown—it was only the repetition of a dozen telegrams that preceded it—"To the Secretary of War: Sir, we have taken Yorktown; only one single white man in it." He does not think it necessary to say there were some thousands of negroes. Of course there were. They stayed where liberty was coming, and ideas, and civilization, and men who worked with their hands and their brains, as they did. They recognized in the Yankee a brother mechanic. (Laughter and applause.) They said: "Here are men who don't know how to do anything but eat, and they are going. The people who are coming are men who know how to manufacture, to create, and we, the creators of the South, stand to welcome the creators of the North." (Applause.) But that one poor solitary white man, who always remains (laughter)—just like

"The last rose of summer
Left blooming alone,
[Great merriment.]
He is only suggestive of that other kindred and friendly race which never flies.

Well, I believe in Saxton. I think that when he gets on the soil of South Carolina, with Hunter for his right hand, we shall hear good news; but I do not believe (and here, perhaps, you will not agree with me) in our Generals. I do not believe we shall do much until we get rid of several of them. Not that they are very good Generals, for aught I know. I obey the Herald, and the Express, and the Observer, who say that peaceable men are not to criticize military maneuvers. I do not know anything about fortifications, and Gen. Scott says that McClellan does understand them, and I wish we had found that that is what he does understand. (Laughter.) But that is what the old General says. I have no doubt he does understand them. I am happy that he does; but that is not the question. The question is, whether he has yet travelled up, in the course of his education, to the conviction that this is not a political squabble, but a war. In political squabbles, we do not hurt anybody; we